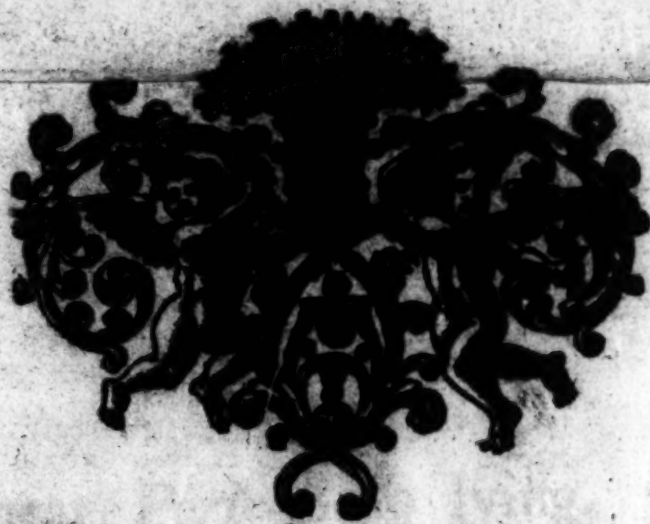


Eng. Poetry vol 35

Admiral ^K Hosier's
GHOST.

To the TUNE of,
Come and Listen to my Ditty.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Mr. *Webb*, near St. Paul's. 1740.

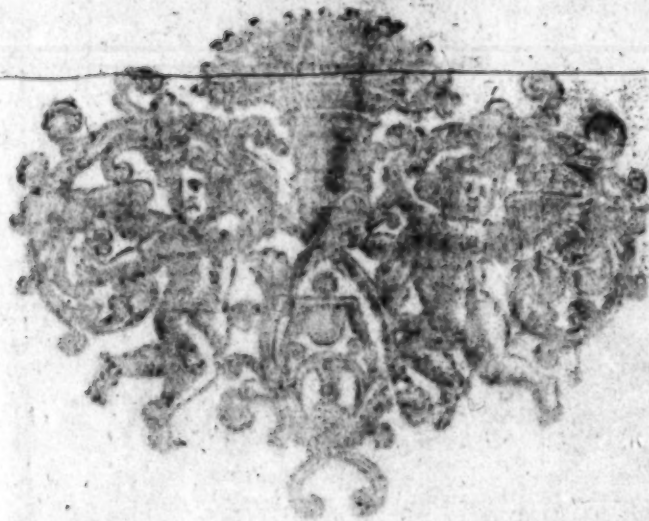
(*Price Six-pence.*)

Admiral Hooper's

GHOS.T.

To the TUNE of

Come and Listen to my Ditty.



L O N D O N .

Printed for Mr. Webb, near St. Paul's. 1740.

(Price 2s. 6d.)



Admiral *Hofier's*

G H O S T.

A S, near *Porto-Bello* lying,
 On the gently swelling Flood,
 At Midnight, with Streamers flying,
 Our triumphant Navy rode,
 There, while *Vernon* fate, all glorious
 From the *Spaniards* late Defeat,
 And his Crew, with Shouts victorious
 Drank Success to *Englands* Fleet,

B

On

II.

On a sudden, shrilly Sounding,
 Heideous Yells and Shrieks were heard;
 Then, each Heart with Fears confounding,
 A sad Troop of Ghosts appear'd;
 All in dreary Hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding Sheets they wore;
 And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile Shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Lustre,
 When the Shade of *Hofier* brave,
 His Pale Band was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry Grave:
 O'er the glimmering Wave he hy'd him,
 Where the *Burford* rear'd her Sail,
 With three thousand Ghosts beside him,
 And in Groans did *Vernon* hail.

IV.

"Heed, oh heed! my fatal Story,
 "I am *Hofier's* injur'd Ghost;
 "You who now have purchas'd Glory
 "At this Place where I was lost;
 "Tho'

[5]

" Tho' in *Porto Bello's* ruin
" You now triumph, free from Fears;
" Yet to hear of my undoing,
" You will mix your Joys with Tears:

V.

" See yon mournful Spectres sweeping,
" Ghastly, o'er this hated Wave,
" Whose wan Checks are Stain'd with Weeping;
" These were *English* Captains brave;
" And these Numbers pale and horrid,
" Were my Sailors once so bold,
" Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
" While his dismal Fate is told.

VI.

" I, by twenty Sail attended,
" Did this *Spanish* Town affright,
" Nothing then its Wealth defended
" But my Orders not to fight;
" Oh that, with my Wrath complying,
" I had cast them in the Main,
" Then, no more unactive lying,
" I had low' red the Pride of *Spain*.

VII. For

VII.

" For resistance I could fear none,
 " But with twenty Ships had done,
 " What thou, brave and happy *Vernon*,
 " Did'st atchieve with Six alone.
 " Then the Baitimento's never
 " Had our foul Dishonour seen,
 " Nor the Sea the sad Receiver
 " Of these gallant Men had been.

VIII.

" Thus, like thee, proud *Spain* dismaying,
 " And her Galleons leading home,
 " Tho' condemn'd for disobeying,
 " I had not a Traytors Doom.
 " To have fall'n, my Country Crying,
 " He has play'd an *Englisk* Part,
 " Had been better far than Dying,
 " Of a griev'd and broken Heart.

IX.

" Unrepining at thy Glory,
 " Thy successful Arms we hail,
 " But remember our sad Story,
 " When to *Britain* back you sail!

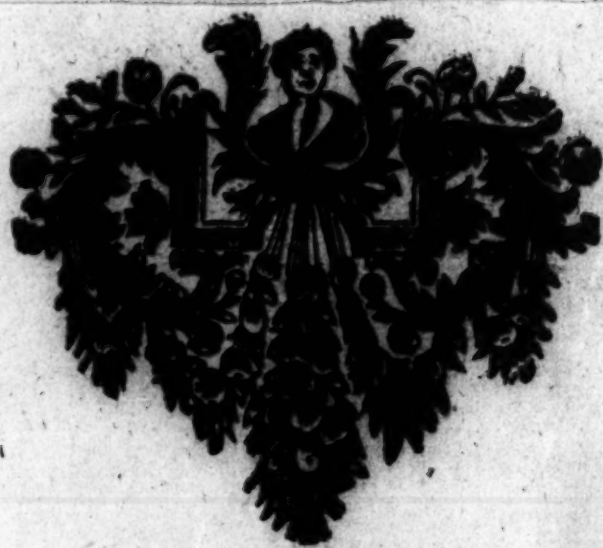
" All

[7]

" All your Country's Foes subduing,
" When your Patriot Friends you see,
" Think on Vengeance for my ruin,
" And for *England* sham'd in me.



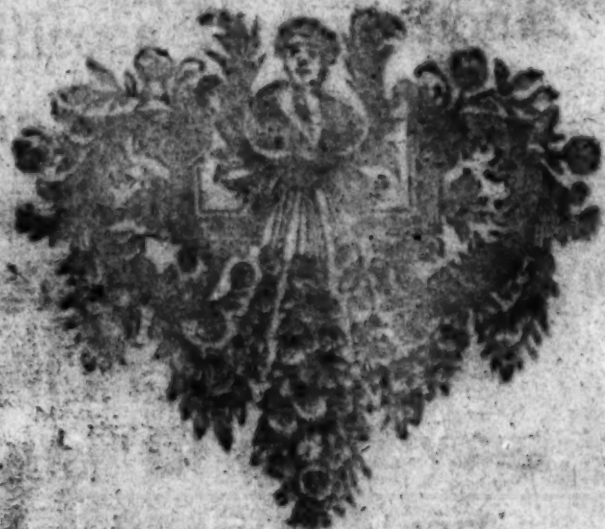
F I N I S.



“ All your Country's Foes, lubbing
“ When your Patriot Friends you see
“ Think on Vengeance for my ruin,
“ And for England stand in me.”



F I W I S



22
23
24
25